Removed

Calexico

Follow the current through the city that lies in ruins
Bottle is washed up but the message is missing
Heroes and ghosts, graveyards and buildings
Pay the price of admissionHaunted for years in a hallway of mirrors
Till I step through the window
Over the river, coat of feathers sweeping out of view
Weigh the difference, the scales are turned
Let conscience be so judgedArrows with strings flung from below
Striking and reeling you in
Tied to mistakes, left there for days
Seeing which side you're in
Lately I feel so removed
Fell back into the ditch I dug
And doing the things I normally doHeroes and ghosts, graveyards and buildings
Pay the price of admission
Haunted for years in a hallway of mirrors
Till I step through the window
Lately I feel so removed
Doing the things that I do

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